

## 404 and the Dream (uncomplete)

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## 404 and the Dream (uncomplete)

by [0GIB0, orphan\\_account](#)

### Summary

Over the years Dream, the leader of his mafia the Phantasms, was careful to keep a perfect balance between his mob and mobs in the surrounding cities and his own. To be fair, originally he only needed to be worried about the Dynasty, a patriarchal mafia that was passed from father to son, that was in a neighboring city. Things had been peaceful between the two cities and things were going well.... But of course, that couldn't last, peace wasn't a normal thing in this line of work, that's just how it is. So when a new younger maffia, self-proclaimed as the "Hoaxers", began to stir up trouble Dream couldn't say he was too surprised.

In his line of work Dream always made an effort to keep things systemized and structured, carefully crafted contracts and relationships built into an unshakable wall of defense and power. So when one relaxed night at a strip club and a flirty dancer somehow lead to a crumbling of his defenses Dream is left stumbling as he tries to put back the pieces before worse is to come.

### Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

## Fateful Meeting

Dream took a deep breath as he leaned back in his chair. Papers were scattered over his expensive desk and looking at them made him feel exhausted. The Hoaxers were causing some problems and it was giving Dream a lot of extra work and one hell of a headache. Just as he was leaning in to get back to work someone knocked loudly at his door.

“Come out with us!” He heard Sapnap say, his voice muffled by the expensive wood of his office door. Dream sighed dramatically, looking at the door as if it would somehow disappear if he looked at it long enough. ‘*Another disturbance.*’ He thought, sighing and looking back at his papers.

“I don’t think so Sapnap...” He shouted across the office, trying to get the other to go away and leave him alone with his papers and silence.

But unsurprisingly, the other decided to ignore Dream, slamming the door open with a bang and barging into the office. “You are coming with us,” Sapnap said, now ordering him. Dream raised his eyebrow as he looked up at his rowdy friend.

“I can’t go, Sapnap.” he sighed, “The Hoaxers are on the move again and-” The other cut him off.

“AND we can take care of those later.” Dream looked away, continuing to organize his papers. “Everyone needs a break...especially you.”

Dream pulled his hand down his face, sitting back in his chair, “I don’t know Sap it been a long day, and-” he was cut off once again.

“Don’t pull that shit with me Dreamy,” Sapnap said with a shake of his head. “ You’re gonna say ‘*Oh I’m so tired Sap, you go without me*’ and then you’re just gonna stay here and work for another three or four hours.” he raised his eyebrows, “am I wrong?”

Dream paused- staring at the other for a moment, “Ok first off, I don’t sound like that!”

“Yes you do”

“What! No, I don’t”

“You do though,”

“Oh my god! No, I-” Dream cuts himself off with a wheezing laugh. “You’re so stupid Sapnap!”

“COME TO THE CLUB WITH US!” Sapnap yelled suddenly.

“FINE OH MY GOD!” Dream found himself shouting back. “Wait, us?” he asked in an afterthought.

“Yeah! You, Karl, Sam, Punz, Callahan, and me!” Sapnap says animatedly, a grin on his face.

Dream shook his head, a small smile on his face, as much as he wanted to deny it he did need a break. “Ok- alright fine- go get the car I’ll be right out.”

Sapnap goes to leave before turning back for a moment, “By the way, I got you a private dance with one of their best strippers.” he says with a cheeky smile, “ and I heard they’re your type.” Sapnap leaves with a wink.

Dream hums under his mask, ‘ *this might be interesting.*’

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Dream stared out the open window of the car letting his carefully styled hair get messed up from the wind.

Work was a place to be neat- it was a place for prim and proper power. Always be perfect, always be intimidating, never a hair out of place, that’s how he was seen, that’s how he *needed* to be seen. Power keeps people in place and power brings respect. In his line of work, even the smallest mistake could lead to a distrust in his authority- and he wasn’t going to let that happen. Ever.

Sapnap was humming along to the radio but Dream couldn’t place what song it was. He allowed himself to drift, his mind empty, as he stared out at the busy city. Even in the evening, the city was

alive- restaurants full, bars packed, and shops open. That's what Dream loved about this city, how it was always awake, how there was never a dull moment. This city was his lifeblood, he was born and raised here and he was one of the sole reasons it was so lively. He helped build his mafia into the powerhouse it is, working his way up the ladder, and he helped this city thrive- hence his apprehension with the Hoaxers.

Now you see, over the years Dream was careful to keep a perfect balance between his mafia, the Phantasms, and those in the surrounding cities. To be fair, originally he only needed to be worried about the Dynasty, a patriarchal mafia that was passed from father to son, that was in a neighboring city. The current head, Wilbur Soot, was an ambitious leader- carefully building up his businesses and underground drug ring. With many loyal members and a strong familial bond between them all, the Dynasty was not one to be crossed. Dream, Bad, and Sapnap had worked with Wilbur, Philza, and Tommy to create a contract or treaty of sorts. At the time Dream had believed they could take the Dynasty if needed but when Wilbur reached out for a treaty he had agreed that it was best to just avoid any unnecessary violence.

Things had been peaceful between the two cities and things were going well.... But of course, that couldn't last, peace wasn't a normal thing in this line of work, that's just how it is. So when a new younger maffia, self-proclaimed as the "Hoaxers", began to stir up trouble Dream couldn't say he was too surprised. The group was growing fast and they had no appreciation for the unspoken rule of things- and that's what bothered Dream the most. There was seemingly no rhyme or rhythm to what they did- and if there was Dream couldn't see it yet. He considered setting up a meeting with the growing mafia, but after hearing the rumors of what they had done, Dream wasn't sure he wanted to take that risk.

"Oi!" Sapnaps loud voice startled Dream from his thoughts, "Stop it I can literally feel your brooding from over here."

Dream scoffed, "I wasn't brooding! I was just... thinking." trailing off he berates himself '*Yeah real convincing Dream*'

Sapnap gives him a sympathetic glance, "I know things have been busy lately but at least allow yourself one night of fun- I promise it'll be fun."

Dream offers up a fond smile, "You're right Sap, it'll be a good night with the others."

Sapnap smiles widely, "YES IT WILL!" he hollers, raising the volume of the radio and singing along.

Dream finally allowed himself to disconnect from his work and business mindset and was starting to relax. A night out with all his closest friends was a needed break and he was determined to enjoy himself. Not only that, but he was interested in who this dance will be with, who knows when it comes to Sapnap.

They made it inside the club, seamlessly passing through security, and went up to the private booth they had reserved for the night. As Dream and Sapnap made it to the table those already seated at the table whooped and hollered- excited for the night's endeavors.

“Damn I didn't think you'd actually come!” Punz says reaching over the table to pat his shoulder.

Dream shakes his head with a laugh, “yeah well Sapnap has his ways.”

“Haha Yeah!” Karl laughed, “That private dance was pretty tempting wasn't it- that was my idea!” He proclaimed proudly.

The others laugh as Dream goes to deny Karl's words, “That is NOT why I came!” he says with a laugh clear in his voice.

“Hey no need to lie to us Dream we get it, we get it,” Sam says with an exaggerated wink.

Just like that Dream is pulled into an easy conversation with the other men at the table. The group somehow manages to talk about both everything and absolutely nothing at the same time and Dream is left out of breath from laughing. Damn, it was good to have a night out with these guys, he should make an effort to join them more often.

“Hey I'm gonna go grab a drink- I'll be right back!” Dream says briefly to the table, getting some “ok!”s and thumbs up.

Walking up to the bar he notices lights start to dim and focus on the stage, ‘*dances are about to start.*’ He thinks to himself as he orders a bourbon on the rocks. He takes a sip of the cool drink after he pulls down his mask and he feels it slide down his throat before hitting his chest and stomach- sending a slight warmth throughout his body.

Sensual music started playing from the speakers and a hush came over the crowd. Dream watched with avid attention. He's been to this club before and he knew that the clubs proclaimed “best dancers” would go first. The lights fully dimmed, soft light blue lights shining over the crowd as a graceful dancer walked onto the stage.

The dancer was *gorgeous*. His dancing was sexy and elegant and he had a stage presence like no other. Short brown hair framing a slim face. He was slender with a lean build of muscle and Dream was sure the man would barely reach his shoulder. The dancer was wearing a cerulean blue cropped turtleneck and a low rise thong, his legs were covered in pretty black thigh-high boots with socks peeking over, hooked to some expensive-looking garters. For some odd reason he also had a pair of chunky white goggles resting over his forehead- it was an odd touch but it was cute and complimented the outfit nonetheless. The man was confident and had such a natural stage presence it was almost as if he was made to be up there.

Dream was entranced.

As he watched his eyes never left the stage. Whether it was one-minute passing or five Dream couldn't tell. He watched as the dancer made slow and deliberate eye contact with patrons in the crowd. Dream continued to stare, almost daringly, as he waited to see if the dancer would look towards him. Only moments after Dream had finished taking a sip and pulled his mask back on did the dancer finally look his way. Green eyes meeting mismatched blue and brown eyes.

Dream tilted his head as he locked eyes with the man- almost challenging him to not look away. The dancer seems to take his challenge, making an effort to make eye contact with Dream and Dream alone for the rest of the dance.

The song came to an end too soon and the chatter of the club rose once again. Dream tilts his head as he takes one more sip of his bourbon before placing it down and walking back to his table with the boys- the dancer not leaving his mind for a single moment.

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George took a deep breath as he sensually walked onstage. Nights like these were always enjoyable. It wasn't too crowded of a night and it was easy for the dancer to see that all eyes were on him. George loved the feeling of being on stage- there was something almost akin to a power rush that came to him as he sensually danced to the slow smooth music playing across the club.

Any person in the room could tell that George had an amazing stage presence. Every step seemed perfectly placed and each movement of his body seemed natural. From the floor of the club, George could see all the men and women who were entranced by his dancing and he felt almost smug. He knew he was hot and he knew how to command a perfect stage presence. His energy almost seemed hypnotic as those in the crowd were simply focused on him and him alone.

George had crafted a flawless routine- now so familiar to him- that was perfectly sultry and

seductive. Electricity ran through his body as he stared out into the crowd and he made it a goal to leisurely make eye contact with those that seemed the most invested in his performance. That was a part of George's nightly plan- make the individual patrons feel seen, make them feel like it's all for them and the money would roll in. While the stage was his favorite part of the night the private dances are where the money would really begin to roll in.

As he looked out in the crowd he could see the regulars along with the nightly new people. It was always satisfying to see a new person come again- that meant he was doing his job right and he always felt a selfish sort of pride overtake him whenever a newcomer became a regular.

As George was looking out into the crowd his eyes were drawn to a figure sitting at the bar. A tall blond man who was turned to face the stage, a glass of whisky in his hand and interest showing through his eyes. man's eyes locked with George's and from that moment he was hooked. The man was wearing a white mask- only adding to his mystery- and George found himself yearning to speak to the stranger.

There was something so entralling about the man's gaze and George couldn't look away. He found himself pushing his body and routine to be the best it could be as he danced, for what felt like, the blond man alone. The man's gaze felt heavy and George found himself shaking slightly from the adrenaline rush he was feeling. His routine came to an end almost too soon and George felt a flash of disappointment at having to leave the view of the stranger.

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George wasn't done for the night- he knew- but he wanted to take a moment to freshen up before heading out to work in the private rooms he had scheduled for the night.

Dream sat with his friends watching the other dancers and chatting, simply enjoying the ambiance of the club. Even with all the intoxicating and distracting activity swirling around him in the club, Dream found his thoughts continuously straying towards the first dancer.

The dancer, who went by the name "404" Dream came to find out, was the poster boy for the club. He was essentially the "main attraction." There were many other beautiful and incredibly talented dancers but the club had come to decide that 404 was what would really draw in the customers. Dream couldn't blame them for that. While the other dancers were beautiful and knew how to work a stage and pole none of them had the same stage presence. 404 was able to silence an entire club just by walking onstage- who could compete with that.

Dream knew that his private dance was soon- as the other men at the table kept teasingly

reminding him- and Dream couldn't help the hope that Sapnap had booked 404 for the private dance. Even with this tiny spark of hope for the private dance Dream reminded himself to keep his mind open, he wanted to be able to enjoy and respect any dancer at the club. Just as he was reminding himself of this, two pretty dancers approached their booth.

"Hey there boys," one said, her voice sultry, "I'm Red Vines and this here is 707," she said motioning to the dancer beside her.

707 runs a hand through their hair as they go to speak, "We heard one of you boys is scheduled for a dance tonight, we're here to escort you back to the private room."

Sapnap leans forward with a cheeky smirk, "That would be this man right here," he says patting Dream on the back, "Though if you two are free after you should come back over to our table." He says with a wink.

Dream rolled his eyes at Sapnap with a laugh as he went to go stand up, "lead the way."

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Dream was led through a door to a long hallway illuminated by lit purple arches. The walls were smooth and shiny, Dream could even see a slight reflection in the dim purple lights. Every so often there would be a length of flowing purple curtains falling from an arched doorway- leading to other private rooms he assumed. Dream was led to the end of the long hallway where the dancers pulled open the curtains.

"Go make yourself comfortable," 707 says motioning Dream into the room, "Your dancer will be with you in a moment."

Dream walks into the room, feeling the silky curtains closing behind him. The room was in the shape of a half-circle, a long expensive-looking couch following the curved wall. The lights were pulsing with a blue hue and Dream's thoughts were brought back to 404. A smooth song was playing through some speakers as Dream continued to look around the room, facing away from the doorway.

Dream turned facing the curtains as he heard them rustle slightly behind him. He watched as a dancer stepped through the curtains and Dream raised his eyebrow in recognition.

“Hello,” 404 said with a small smile, “So,” he began to say as he took slow sensual steps towards Dream, “are you ready for your dance?”

## Round Two

### Chapter Summary

This chapter starts right where we left off in chapter one. Dream finally gets that dance and maybe more- who knows? Definitely not you so keep reading. After a fun night Dream and some of his men meet with the Dynasty to talk business and speak about the Hoxars, and maybe he sees a familiar face. Later that night he finds himself right in the same place as the evening before in search of something much more satisfying than a dance.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Hello.” 404 said with a small smile, “So,” he began to say as he took slow sensual steps towards Dream, “are you ready for your dance?”

Dream tilts his heads a smirk hidden under his mask, “ very ready.”

George walks towards Dream- a sway to his hips and a sultry look in his eyes. He places his hand against Dream’s chest pushing him back towards the couch.

“Sit down, let me do all the work, and enjoy yourself,” George says as Dream sits and he goes to straddle his lap. Dreams hand come up to rest on Georges’s thighs and George hums.

404 trails his hands up Dream’s chest and slips his hands under the other man’s open suit jacket, pushing it off of his shoulders and down his arms. “ Wouldn’t want you getting too hot.” 404 says as he squeezes Dream’s biceps.

George pushes himself up and off Dream and begins his dance with a cheeky wink and smile. The private dances are where he relaxed a bit more, he didn’t have a routine and he just let the music carry him. 404 could feel the blond’s gaze on him and he found himself enjoying this dance more than he normally would. There was something different about this private dance, he couldn’t even see the other man’s full face yet he felt like he could see so much in just the man’s eyes. His gaze dripped over him like smooth honey, coating him from head to toe in a warm glaze of want and need.

George has a shiver run through his body as he dances, every touch leaving a searing warmth on his body. George sits on the man’s lap and looks back at the other, a flustered pink showing on the parts of his face that George could actually see. Pride washed over him, it felt good to know that the blond was being affected just as much as George was.

“Is this your first time?” 404 asks as he arches his back and looks back at the other.

Dream offers a small laugh, “ “No, but it’s the first time it felt this good” These words make 404 falter for a moment as heat rises in his cheeks at the praise.

"Oh?" he says after quickly composing himself, "Then I'll work to make it even more enjoyable "

404 stands and turns so he can lean slightly over the other man and crowd into his space, "I'll make sure I'm the only person you can think of from here on out. No matter what I'll make sure you come crawling back to me."

"Oh, will you?" Dream says running his hands over George's hips and thighs before pulling him back down onto his lap. George finds himself straddling the man once again. 404 runs his hands up Dream's chest and locks his fingers together behind the blond's neck, holding them close for a moment. The air is tense between the two and George takes a shuddering breath.

He was used to doing dances, he was used to being the center of attention but it was different with this mystery man. Why? He had no clue. But as 404 felt the man's hands slide up his thighs to squeeze his hips he couldn't help but shiver. Dream's hands were big, warm, and rough; so different from George's. His hands weren't necessarily delicate but he had slim hands with long fingers and clear smooth skin- the juxtaposition between the two brought fervor to his stomach and a chill to his shoulders.

404 slips the glasses off his head and tucks them into Dreams' hair. At the man's questing look he offers a smirk, "a souvenir- if you will. I don't give those out to just anyone so I hope you know you're special." George says in a teasing tone.

"Oooh, I'm special?" Dream says mirroring the other's tone, "I'm so glad to know. I'll make sure to keep and cherish these glasses for as long as I live."

George giggles at the other with a roll of his eyes, " I'm so glad you appreciate them Mr. Special." he leans in towards the other, their faces mere inches away. George was so tempted to kiss the man but the mix of the mask the other wore and common sense convinced him out of it and he pulled away slipping off the other's lap.

404 takes a few steps back, "Well I hope you enjoyed your dance," he says with a cocky smile, he knew the other liked it, there was no question about it. " I hope I'll see you again soon?" He says in a questioning tone.

The other man hums "Maybe you will maybe you won't I guess you'll just have to wait and see." the other responded with a small laugh.

George rolls his eyes with a smile, "whatever, stay all mysterious Mr. Special, I already know you're coming back."

"Do you now?"

"I do," George responds with a wink before turning and walking through the curtains, determined to have the last word.

Gorge finds himself back in the dressing rooms, sitting down with a heated sigh. He didn't even know the man's name but he knew the blond would be in his mind for the rest of the night.

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Dream took a deep breath as 404 walked out of the room. The dance had gotten him more heated than he expected and he took a minute to situate himself before walking through the curtains and out the room into the purple-lit hallway. He walked through the long hallway and took a few breaths trying to pull a straight face. He carried his suit jacket in his hand and the dancer's goggles were holding back his hair. As he made his way back to the table he saw a few dancers hanging

around his friends- not surprising considering the five of them were regulars.

Sapnap had the dancer from earlier, 707, on his lap, one hand was resting on their waist and the other held a glass of, what Dream assumed was, whisky. The other two dancers were sitting between the other men laughing and flirting with the group. It made Dream wonder just how much his friends came here to be on such friendly terms with the dancers- maybe Dream would have to start joining them.

“Hey! Look who's come to join us!” Dream was pulled out of his thoughts by Punz raising his drink at him.

“Ooooo looks like you had fun Dreamie!” Karl teases- sticking out his tongue and motion to Dream's mussed-up appearance.

Before Dream could respond Sapnap cuts in, “Yeah and it looks like you got a souvenir out of it too! I bet you're glad I dragged you out here huh?” he says with a brazen wink.

Dream rolls his eyes as he sits down next to Sam and across from Sapnap, “yeah yeah, what do you want a ‘thank you’ or something?” He says in a joking tone.

“You know what? Yeah! Yeah, I would!” He says playfully, “It's like I get no appreciation around here!” He says turning to talk to 707

707 rolls their eyes with a laugh, “Yeah you should give him more appreciation!” they say playing into the joke. “After all, he did get a dance with 404- and by the looks of those goggles on your head he liked you.”

Dream tilts his head in curiosity, “Really?” he finds himself asking slyly.

“Yeah,” 707 says running a hand through their hair, “he doesn't give those goggles out to just anybody you know.”

“That's the second time I've heard that tonight,” Dream says with a lighthearted tone.

707 laughed and shrugged their shoulders, “What can I say? I've known 404 for a while now.”

From then on the conversation drifts, if asked Dream wouldn't be able to remember any specifics from the conversation. They talked about so much but also nothing at the same time and it was a stark difference from the normal conversations they have in meetings or in passing. The night went on and Dream found himself getting driven home by Sapnap.

“You were right,” Dream finds himself saying.

“I normally am so you're gonna have to clarify what I'm right about this time,” Sapnap says with a small laugh.

“I needed a break- so thanks. It was a nice night.” Dream says with a soft smile- clear for Sapnap to see as his mask was tucked into his pocket.

Sapnap was the one person Dream felt like he didn't have to hide from. They've been together since day one and Sapnap was the brother Dream never had. Around Sapnap he felt normal- didn't feel like he had to be the “high and mighty mafia boss” that so many looked at him as. So if Dream pulled him into a tight hug when they got into their home- well, that was their business.

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Dream stretched as he woke up with a yawn- waking up naturally to the sun. It was nice to wake up to something other than a ringing alarm for once. He laid soaking in the sun for a few minutes before a knocking was heard at his door-

“Oi! I hope you're not naked cause I'm coming in!” Sapnap says barging into the room.

Dream didn't bat an eye as Sapnap came in-it was so normal for Sapnap to barge into any room he felt like and Dream didn't even bother telling him off anymore.

“We got stuff to do!” Sapnap says, “I hope you enjoyed sleeping in though, this was like the first time you've actually slept past ten AM in months.” He continues as he goes to stand near the window.

“Damn it's almost one already?” Dream says looking at his phone as he sits up.

“Yup and we got a meeting at two-thirty so get dressed boss man,” Sapnap says as he scrolls through his phone.

Dream pulls himself out of bed and stretches once more before heading to his closet. He pulls out a dark green crew neck and a dark gray suit set and places them on the counter before stepping into his shower. As Dream washes his hair he hears Sapnap begin to speak.

“Today you only really have one meeting that you need to worry about.” he begins- projecting his voice to be heard over the water. “you, me, and Bad will be meeting with Wilbur and some of the other higher-ups of the Dynasty- It's mainly to go over all the normal stuff. We'll be chatting about business, drugs, turf wars with other small gangs and criminals, the usual- ya know.”

Dream scoffs lightly at Sapnap's almost mocking tone- they both knew these things were far from usual for the average citizen but for them, it was, well, it was life.

“Make a note to talk to them about the Hoaxers- I want to get their opinion on the matter.” Dream says as he rinses out his hair.

“Will do,” Sapnap says as he types into his phone- “I'm gonna go check with Bad and make sure we have any papers we need ready and stuff.”

“And stuff?” Dream questions with a laugh.

“Yes, and stuff- who knows with Bad that man is the definition of over preparedness,” Sapnap says with a shrug. “I'll leave you to your shower just make sure to be ready to go by-”

“By two o'clock yes I know- this isn't new information.” Dream says with a laugh.

“This isn't new information” Sapnap mocks, “I was just trying to be a good right-hand man but I guess you don't need me so I'll show myself out!” he says with a huff leaving the room.

Dream laughs lightly at the dramatics of his friend as he finishes rinsing the expensive soap off of his body. He turns off the water and dries himself off and focuses on making himself look professional. He brushes his teeth, does his hair, dresses, and spaces out as he finishes up his morning routine. Before he knew it he was heading downstairs and grabbing a bite to eat before hopping in his car and heading to meet with the Dynasty.

There was one main difference between the Dynasty and the Phantasms- the Dynasty was old blood, it had been around for a long time, passed from generation to generation, while the Phantasms were newer blood, only being made a generation or two before Dream came into power.

With this came a difference in how things were run- Dreams inner circle was made of people who built their way up just like Dream had and had gained his trust. In the Dynasty, most of the inner circle has grown up around each other- having parents or other family members who had been in the mafia before them- sealing their places in the inner circle before they were even born. The two mafias were different in a myriad of ways but Dream had come to respect them and they had come to respect Dream.

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Sapnap pulled the car into the long driveway of the Dynasty's mansion and the three men slipped out of the car. They were met at the door by Niki- someone who Dream had come to have a lot of appreciation for when the two mafias were working on a treaty. She was kind, level-headed, and strong-willed. Niki was probably the most familiar Dynasty member to most of Dream's inner circle as Puffy and Niki had grown surprisingly close; probably just enjoying having another girl around for once if Dream had to guess. They made small talk as she led them to the main meeting room and then she slipped away with a smile and a small wave goodbye.

Dream pushed open the heavy door and walked into the office with Bad and Sapnap following behind them. The room wasn't a normal meeting room but rather a classy office with a section of couches and armchairs in front of an intricate desk. That was something Dream had learned over time while working with Wilbur. He preferred more of a casual setting, so much so that he once prompted them to have a meeting over an almost family-style dinner. Dream never really understood Wilburs thought process when it came to things like that but he had learned to adjust over time.

Inside the room, Dream found Techno, Philza, Eret, and Wilbur- none of this was surprising to Dream though he was glad to see that none of the younger members were there. While they were all smart they were so hyper it would give Dream a headache. Wilbur motioned for them to sit down and thus the meeting began.

It was a pretty simple rundown of things- talk of money, trades, and territory were all normal business and things flew by decently fast. They were nearing the end of the meeting when Techno spoke up-

“One thing we need to talk about before the end of this meeting,” he begins, “Have you had any run-ins with that ‘new age’ mafia or whatever they call themselves?” Techno asks leaning forward.

“Oh, you mean the Hoaxers?” Bad asks with a sigh, “We haven't had any direct altercations with them but we've definitely heard enough to keep an eye on them.”

Techno hums as he thinks for a moment, “ What are your opinions on engaging with them?” he asks Bad directly.

Bad and Techno played very similar roles in their respective mafias and they had both come to respect each other's opinions- even when they had differing ones.

“That's a difficult one,” Bad answers honestly, “on one hand it would be best to not provoke them as they haven't done anything to interfere with either of our business or territory but on the other, I don't think it would be smart to continue letting them grow- they don't seem like a group that would compromise.”

With a sigh Techno begins, “I definitely agree with that- I don't think a treaty would be possible with them, they are too violent and they have too many wild cards in places of power.”

Dream looks at Techno with curiosity, “you have information about their inner circle? How? We have barely been able to get any information on them.”

“I’ll discuss that with you later in more privacy.” Wilbur says cutting in, “It’s something I’d like to keep as confidential as possible.”

Dream goes to question Wilbur but his train of thought is cut off by a knocking on the door of the office.

With a simple “Come in” from Wilbur the door is pushed open and Dreams train of thought is stopped.

“Sorry for the interruption but I know you said you wanted these.” George walked through the room and placed a stack of folders onto Wilburs desk.

“Thank you George!” Wilbur says this is actually just what I needed. “By the way George this is Dream, Sapnap, and Badboyhalo- the heads of the Phantasms, you three this is George.”

George freezes as he makes eye contact with Dream- his mind going blank on what he was there for in the first place. That was Dream- Dream was the mystery man from the other night he couldn’t tell if that was crazy good luck or bad luck. Well, at least he was the head of the mafia they had a treaty with.

Philza's voice pulls George out of his thoughts, “George is an intel gatherer and we try to keep his role in the mafia as low key as possible, that's why you haven't met.” It made sense to give an explanation for his absence from the entirety of the treaty meetings, George was one of the only people from the inner circle who hadn't been directly involved in the treaty meetings.

“That's completely understandable!” Bad says with a smile, “It's nice to meet you George.”

George clears his throat lightly and looks aways from Dream, “It's nice to meet you all as well.” George grabs the folders from the table. “This is actually some stuff for you.” George hands the stack of folders to Sapnap before taking a seat across from them.

“That's the majority of information about the Hoaxers we've gathered through different sources and whatnot. They seem to be more active in places under our watch and territory so we've been working on gathering intel.”

“That is something I’ve been curious about,” Sapnap cuts in, “Why have they been leaving us alone? They've gotten so close to some of your territory yet they haven't even touched ours.”

“ To be fair it might be because you can find more information about the Dynasty than you can the Phantasms.” Eret says as they fiddle with a pen, “ As we've been around for generations there's bound to be more information about us to find- they might just be more comfortable going against a group they actually know about.”

“That's actually a really fair point,” George says agreeing with Eret. “Your name is rather fitting as it's almost impossible to find any information about you at all. We barely knew anything about you all before reaching out for a treaty and all we do know is information that you've actually told us.”

“That's Dream for you-” Sapnap says with a shrug, “his main concern is security and secrecy.”

Dream rolls his eyes at Sapnaps casual tone, glad for the conversation his mind had stalled for a minute when George had walked into the room and he was glad to be pulled back into the conversation at hand.

"For now I'd say to keep an eye on the Hoaxers- until they actually make a move on either one of our territories I don't think we should get involved." Dream says as he flips through one of the folders that Sapnap handed to him. "Do we know who their head is?"

"Someone named Jschlatt." George responds, "He's surprisingly active in petty crimes and shit and he loves to encourage his members in all of their mayhem." George pushes himself out of his chair, "And on that lovely note I need to go speak with Niki."

George walks out of the room and closes the heavy door with a sign, of course he managed to flirt with the head of the Phantasms he just loved to make things complicated.

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Dream did his best to stay focused for the rest of the meeting but 404- or George, now that he knew his name- was drifting through his mind the entire time. The meeting soon came to a close and Dream managed to stay professional and focused. With a few closing words and a couple of handshakes they were headed on their way out.

As they headed down the main staircase Dream could see George and Niki talking off to the side of the foyer. George was wearing a long sleeve white blouse with loop buttons tucked into form-fitting black dress pants. It was a stark difference from the revealing outfit the other had been wearing the night before and Dream found it just as attractive.

As they make it to the bottom of the stairs George seems to say goodbye to Niki and he heads towards Dream. Sapnap laughs lightly and pats Dream on the back before pulling Bad out towards the car, leaving Dream to speak to George alone.

"I didn't think I'd run into you here," George says with a small laugh, "small world huh?"

"Yeah surprisingly small- though I guess I shouldn't be too surprised as that club is run by Wilbur." Dream says with a shake of his head.

George hums as he takes in Dream's appearance for a moment, "Well just for your information I'll be working again tonight though only in private dances and I'll make sure to reserve my room just for you if you're interested." George says in an innocent tone, offering up a smile.

"Well I wasn't planning on going out tonight but I guess I can make an exception." Dream says teasingly.

"I'm so glad I'm able to convince you?" George says with a laugh- "Well then I'll see you tonight."

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For the second night in a row Dream finds himself in the purple lit club with some of his friends- it's a smaller group this time around being only Sapnap, Punz, Sam, and himself this time around.

They enjoy some drinks as they watch the dancers up on stage and Dream allows himself to relax. A few dancers come up to chat with him and his friends but 404 is still in the back of his mind. Unsurprisingly 707 comes up to their table a bit into the night.

"Hey boys," They say leaning over Sapnapd's shoulder, "404 told me to send you back to his room, don't worry I'll keep your friends company." They say with a flirty smile.

Dream laughs and thanks the dancer before making his way into the long purple hallway. It's a lot

quieter and Dream can clearly hear the music playing over the speakers. Dream makes his way to the last room and pushes his way through the curtains into the blue-lit room.

404 is laying on his back over the long couch, one knee bent and one leg laying straight. One arm is tucked behind his head and the other is tapping along to the beat of the music on his thigh. He's wearing thick white platforms and a fluffy white off-the-shoulder dress that's cinched at his waist with a belt once. Along with that he has on a pair of crystal pendant earrings paired with a white cuff necklace and, once again, has a pair of white goggles tucked into his hair.

Dream walks further into the room unnoticed as the other has his eyes closed. Dream slips his mask off his face and he goes to stand in front of the dancer. He cast a shadow over the other and George opened his eyes at the change of light, a flirty smile coming to rest on his face.

"Ooo the mask is off- should I feel special?" George asks as he swings himself into a sitting position.

"Hmmm maybe you should, I don't take this mask off for just anyone, you know." Dream says teasingly- mirroring what George had said the night before.

George stood up and locked his fingers behind Dream's neck as Dream's hands came to rest on George's hips. "I'm so glad I have this privilege to myself then," he says as he runs a hand down to rest on Dream's chest.

"It makes this so much easier," George says before he leans in.

Dream is pulled into a searing kiss and he finds himself pulling the other close. He pulls away for a moment to sit down and pull the dancer into his lap before kissing him once again. It quickly becomes heated and runs his hands over George's hips to come to rest on his ass and thigh.

George groans as Dream pulls him close and he finds himself eager to deepen the kiss. Dream swipes his tongue over George's bottom lip and George easily lets him in. As they kiss George grinds down on Dream's lap and relishes in the pride he feels when the other man groans.

Dream rests his hand in George's hair before tightening his hold slightly and pulling his head back to have clear access to his neck. George lightly moans and Dream begins to kiss down his neck, leaving hickeys in his wake.

"God Dream you're gonna make tomorrow so much more difficult- do you know how annoying it is to cover hickeys," George says his voice breathy.

"There's an easy solution to that." Dream says looking at George.

"Yeah, and what is that?"

"Don't hide them- let people see what a slut you are." Dream says before pulling George back into a deep kiss.

George moans into the kiss and grinds down again before pulling away, "If you're already so confident that I'm a slut at least let me prove it to you." George says, slipping off dreams lap to kneel between his legs.

"Ok then," Dream says leaning back with a smirk, "show me."

With permission, George goes to unbuckle Dream's belt and unzip his pants. He slips his hand into

Dreams pants and pulls his dick out of his boxers. George takes a moment to appreciate the other man as he looks up to the blond. Dream raises an eyebrow as he looks down at George as if to say “well go on.” George leaned forward and licked up the underside of Dreams dick before coming up to circle his tongue around the head and Dream hums in appreciation. Dream moves his hand to rest on the back of George's head, not pushing him down quite yet but warning him to speed it up before Dream takes charge of the situation. George takes more into his mouth as he allows himself to fall into a steady rhythm. He pressed his tongue flat against the underside of his dick and used his hand to cover what he couldn't yet fit into his mouth. Every moan he hears from the man above him sends a spike of pride through his body and the hand resting heavy on his head only raises his arousal.

Just as George was about to work his way lower he pauses at the sound of loud crashing and screaming from the front of the club. George pulls off Dream and they both quickly situate themselves.

“What the fuck do you think is going on- are those gunshots?!” George asks looking up at Dream.

“No clue but stay behind me.” Dream says, handing George a small pistol and then grabbing his from his belt holster.

“Ok wait a second where did this come from?” George asks, he had clearly seen the gun on Dreams belt but he has no clue where he had pulled this one from.

“Ankle holster,” Dream says with a shrug, “I try to stay prepared ya know?”

“I- well ok I guess that's fair in our line of work.”

Dream pushes his way through the curtains and George follows behind, staying alert. Dancers and customers look out from the other rooms as they pass by but Dream and George motion for them to stay inside, too many people running around and panicking would just make things worse. They make their way to the end of the hallway as they duck behind a booth for cover.

In the middle of the club stands three people holding what Dream assumes are semi-automatic short-barreled rifles. They are laughing and swinging their guns around casually and don't seem to have a care in the world.

Dream is pulled out of his observation by George pulling on his sleeve, “Dream I know who those people are.”

“Who?” Dream asks, keeping an eye on the small group.

“Those are some of the Hoaxers, The one in the middle is, like, the second in command,” George says with a slight grimace.

“Well shit” Dream thinks, “*things just got a lot more complicated.*”

## Chapter End Notes

Go find @gabbii013 on TikTok and @gabbii01 on twitter to find some amazing art and animations of this AU as well as possible teasers of future updates!

Also, hop onto Twitter to find the editor @batnotfound and me @Choccy\_Milkz for

possible updates

I hope you enjoyed the update and just like before, the next chapter should come in about two weeks give or take so keep an eye out for that!

Thanks for reading!

## **Sorry!**

Chapter by [orphan\\_account](#)

### Chapter Summary

sorry!

This story has been dropped and it is unlikely to be picked back up! Please don't continue the story and please don't copy the "storyline." Sorry to all those who liked the story but I'm just no longer interested in the story. -ChoccyMilkIsLit!

### End Notes

Hoped you enjoyed the chapters we wrote thank you for the support!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!